

MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE....

It was not so very far to walk, after all. Just across the park, and almost directly he would be in the maze of small streets where the foreign goods in the shop windows and the foreign names over the shop doors allowed him for a moment to imagine that he was once more treading the asphalt of his beloved Paris.

Standing in the Pimlico street, looking down the long row of porticoed houses, which, like the people who inhabited them, were of the summer of a class above them, he longed for the busy movement of Soho, the black-haired, black-eyed urchins, the shrill-voiced women in their big blue aprons, the odor of hot tobacco, and the dear, familiar sound of his own tongue.

Could he manage the walk? Not very long ago he had been used to take it almost nightly, when the work of the day was over, smoking his pipe in the little restaurant where he had dined, and discussing la Devanche with a motley crew into whose conversations he would not have cared to inquire, but who listened to the old professor with a semi-amused awe. But all that was before the winter, before that last sharp bout of bronchitis which had left him an old man.

The doctor told him then that he needed a warmer climate, good wine, nourishing food. The little man had given his shoulders an infinitesimal shrug, such as only French shoulders can give, paid his doctor's bill, and then set to work again as hard as ever.

As hard, that is, as circumstances would allow, for the old French master was being allowed out of the field. New methods, new fads, were coming into fashion, and the dapper little Frenchman, with his threadbare redingote and highly polished boots, found his pupils slowly deserting.

Monsieur Alexandre, however, had the thriftiness of his race, and his strange art of cutting his coat according to his cloth, and the diminution of pupils was balanced by the gradual docking of such small luxuries as the sugar in his morning coffee, and the evil-smelling cheese which was his delight after his frugal dinner.

By dint of such privations the old man managed to make the two ends of his little income meet; but this left no margin for extras and today, when his soul yearned for the fleshpots of "Les Bons Amis," the overheated, noisy little restaurant of Ruport street, his indulging in an omnibus would involve the sacrifice of his post-prandial coffee.

He would walk! He made the mighty decision at last, and lurching his overcoat with an air of resolution, he stepped out briskly.

Look ago, when he came to London, he had resisted the temptation to drop permanently into the purgatory of Leicester Square, because there was only one way for him to earn his living, and it seemed to him that a marchand de participation (as he called himself)—a French teacher—would have a better chance of getting pupils here than the French quarter now so strongly upon him; and so he dwelt in a small room in Pimlico, the wonder of his successive landlords, to whom the lonely, methodical little man was a closed book.

His heels clicked on the frozen pavement as he walked, and somehow, frail and old and weary as he looked, his gait was scarcely that of a man whose best years had been spent in teaching the young things how to end forth their shoots in a foreign tongue.

He began to lag a little, however, as he struck into St. James's Park, but it was not so much from physical weariness as from the rush of thoughts crowding in his brain. He had forgotten the Park; he did not hear the shouts of the small boys who tumbled and hustled each other on the thin ice of the little lake. He was thinking of such very different things, his eyes were seeing such utterly different scenes. It was not at all painful to him to recall them, they were so irrevocable past and dead; not as the past of other men, who look back across a stretch of days which but for trifling details, were much the same as one another. For him, the "then" was divided from the "now" by an impassable gulf. It was as if he gazed back on another man's life. All sorts of childish incidents came back to him; the big garden in the house at Anteuil, where there was a wonderful fountain, and a tiny waterwheel which sometimes worked, and which was the delight and amusement of his infancy; the visits to his godfather on the Jour de l'An, and the never-varying bag of bonbons and bright five-franc pieces he remembered now, old and feeble beyond his years, the great things the small boy of ten used to dream of doing and that heavy five-franc piece, if only the impossible had been possible and grandmothers should not have swooped upon it for the mysterious Caisse d'Epargnes.

Help in trouble. Nearly every woman can find help in her own experiences some emergency when a ready knowledge of the things which would have saved days or perhaps months of anxiety and suffering. No family ought to be without the constant safe-guard and ever-present help of that wonderful free book the "Common Sense Medical Adviser" by R. V. Pierce, M. D., chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. It tells what to do in emergency or accident or sudden sickness. It contains over one thousand pages, profusely illustrated with engravings and colored plates. It gives receipts for several hundred simple, well-tried home remedies. It instructs the mother in the care of her ailing children or husband, and gives invaluable suggestions for the preservation of her own health and condition in all those critical and delicate periods to which women are subject. The author of this great work has had a long and successful experience in treating obstinate diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-renowned for their marvelous efficacy.

Mrs. M. M. Hanover, of Magnolia, Morgan Co., W. Va., in a letter to Dr. Pierce says: "My husband is an old man, and he has been ill for about a year ago, and just dropped in the doorway. He was burning up with fever and he commenced with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery according to directions and in two weeks he was able to get up. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription something over two years ago, and an ailment to which I was subject to womanhood. I have been out of health for years and am now able to say your medicine has cured me entirely. The three children who were born before I commenced to take your medicine did not live long, they were very delicate, but those born since (there are all) are very hearty, and that convinces me that your medicine is just what it is said to be and a great deal more."

By simply enclosing 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 661 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., a paper-bound volume of Dr. Pierce's great book will be sent absolutely free, or for ten stamps extra a heavier and handsomely bound copy will be sent. A whole medical library in one 1000-page volume.

Then he recalled later days—the military college; he chuckled over some of the adventures of the young Saint-Cyrain, all conquering in his silver-laced blue uniform. But his thoughts made no attempt to plunge into that dark veil which separated the gay young soldier from the threadbare, exiled old professor. Years ago, by sheer force of will, he had kept himself from thinking of the incidents which had raised that impenetrable barrier, lest it should drive him mad, and gradually he had almost ceased to need to make the effort.

So busy had he been with the vagaries of that bright young boy, who seemed almost to belong to a dream-world, that he was at the restaurant door of "Les Bons Amis" before he was aware of it. A shout of welcome hailed him as it swung to after him—a patronne sitting behind the small counter greeted him cordially. His pale face brightened at the familiar scene, even the fumes of the kitchen which pervaded the dining-room, seemed to bring him new life.

He walked down between the tables till he reached the one he particularly contemplated in a corner by the fire; the waiter who had known him for years hastened to help him off with his coat. He was assailed with questions: Why had he deserted them? Where had he been hiding himself all this time?

The blood leapt into his face as his beloved language, spoken in another tongue than that of unwinding schoolboys, struck upon his ear; and his heart was warmed by the flattering consciousness that he had been missed. He began to talk volubly, to ask questions in his turn. "Where was Sandow? What did they think of the situation in Madras?"—and on and on in the new-found joy of mixing once more with his own countrymen.

The table d'hôte was over, and each member of the small party had before him his smoking cup of black coffee. "Cognac, Monsieur?" asked the waiter. For a second the old French master hesitated, but before he could complete his rapid calculation some one struck in: "C'est tout, sans autre ajout!"

Accordingly, after much protestation and many gesticulations, each member of the small table near the fire was served with a liquor glass of doubtful brandy, dignified by the name of cognac. His gray head leaning against the wall, the smoke curling upwards from his pipe, such unworldly luxuries as black coffee and cognac at his elbow, M. Alexandre felt so luxuriously happy that the conversation of his companions could only reach him through a sort of a mist of comfort.

At last some one addressed him directly: "Did you see that the General Duval is dead?" he asked with sudden directness. The others looked at him in astonishment.

"But why not, M. Alexandre? Did you know him, by any chance?" "Yes, I knew him."

The words fell almost sullenly from his lips. M. Alexandre had always been a mystery to the little colony of "Les Bons Amis." He was not a Communist, no armistice touched him; politics had no greater attraction for him than for the majority of his countrymen; no one knew why he was in exile, or whether he had been all his life a marchand de participation.

But there was no questioning M. Alexandre, and curiosity had never been satisfied, even no one dare to touch the question further. Only, after a moment's pause somebody said: "I remember something years ago about General Duval's wife. Wasn't she a spy of the Germans?"

"No, no!" broke in another. "She was carried off by a German spy by main force, and killed herself for shame!"

The man was going on, when a loud harsh laugh from M. Alexandre broke in upon his speech. They all turned to him; he had tossed off his cognac, and sat there, his face flushed, his hands trembling, and that laugh disturbing his features. He was another man.

"Monsieur Alexandre!" "Annette! Annette! Listen! I will tell you the story of the man whom she killed! Will you listen?" He leaned across the table; the words came thick and fast, and his dark eyes shone brightly. "Annette Duval—oh, she was not pretty; she was a woman, as we say—she was a woman from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. St. Anthony could not have resisted her, and she—well, there was a lieutenant in the French regiment, who had the ill-luck to attract her attention, the poor devil thought heaven was opening to him when she smiled; he would have put a bullet through his head at any moment if she had asked him. What she did ask him was for favors."

"One day she came to him, her eyes were growing suspicious, life was intolerable—why did he not take her away; why could he not go away together and be happy?"

"The lieutenant trembled as she clung to him, and he tried to point out to her what that would mean. He would be a deserter; they would be shut out of France for ever. Could she have held fast to her honor, and been strong?—but she hesitated. What did anything matter so they were together? She was sacrificing everything for him; would he sacrifice nothing for her? And then at last came the throat that he would not take her, she would kill herself."

"There is no defence for the man. With the woman he loved in his arms, her tears upon his cheek, her lips whispering passionately in his ears, he should have held fast to his honor, and been strong; but—she hesitated. M. Alexandre stopped a moment, and moistened his lips with the cognac with which his glass had silently been refilled; the others listened breathlessly to the prologue of the drama whose last acts had they felt, been played in their midst.

"He had a little money; it was not difficult for them to evade pursuit. They settled in a tiny seaport town in Greece, and for a few months he managed to forget everything. Annette was devoted, and he was happy, much as the man who takes opium is happy. But there must come the waking, and it came to Annette's lover in the form of a little note left upon her dressing-table, after the fashion of the heroines of the novels she loved. It told him to forget her; that she could not bear the monotony of her life; that the solitude a deus was killing her; that, in fact, she was gone forever. He discovered next day that his successor was an American millionaire, in whose yacht she had sailed away."

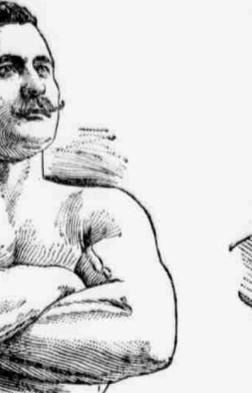
And the lover—you spoke of the man she killed? His dark eyes flashed on the speaker. "What do you suppose was left of the young soldier she had fooled? Branded as a deserter, his career ended, his country closed to him, shame and dishonor to all who had loved and trusted him—had she not killed that man, I could not throw myself into the sea that night. It was because life is strong in us at five-and-twenty, and will not be cast aside. The next three months were a nightmare, from which he roused himself at last to find that his small fortune was as much a wreck as his life, and that he must work to live. He turned his back on the country Annette had made hateful, and forced himself to forget everything but the present."

For a moment nobody spoke. The fire had died out of the old man's eyes and the color from his cheeks; he sank back against the wall once more, looking old and worn and piteous.

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permanent record of the government between the countries. Spain also will prepare an exchange copy and send it to the United States.

When it was customary to use wax for the official seal of a state document it was usual for the State department to inclose the seal of an exchange treaty in a round silver box, having the national coat of arms in relief. Now that wafers are used, this is not done, and the exchange treaty we send to Spain will doubtless be a very plain document. It will be written in English, on long sheets of bluish paper, known as treaty paper, fastened at the side with a ribbon. The president will sign it, Secretary Day's signature will attest that of the president, and then the document will be taken to the keeper of the seal of state. It is not enough that the keeper should recognize the signature of William McKinley and William H. Day; he must have a signed order from the president, directed to him, before he will make the impression of the great seal on the red wax at one corner of the document. The treaty, then complete, may be inclosed in a box, but it will probably be placed in a portfolio of green leather, embossed and stamped with a gold border.

The copy which the queen regent of Spain will sign and Prime Minister Sagasta will forward to this country will differ from ours. It will be in two languages—Spanish and French and it will probably be engrossed on vellum and inclosed in a carved or ornamented box. Almost all the exchange treaties on file in the State department are very ornate, and some are decorated in silver and gold.

The exchange of ratifications is the fourth step toward the completion of the treaty. The fifth and final step is the proclamation of the treaty by the president.

Medieval. "The more I think," observed the studious grandee, "about our great national hero, Don Quixote, the less do I regard him as a true hero of Spanish chivalry. Your words are almost heavy," replied another grandee. "But why do you talk that?"

"Well, for instance, he was defeated in his gallant attack on the windmill, and yet, though the windmill was unable to wince or give its own version of the affair, we have no record that the illustrious Quixote ever celebrated the victory." New York World.

Game. Card games are interesting. Some of those also called "round" games, because they are not invariably "on the square."

There is one called "Speaks." I have often played it. Briefly, it is this: I take the black cards—only take the red; then lay out alternately, and the first to turn up the ace of spades wins. Its charm lies in its simplicity and the other person's—Moosehams.

Too Much. "Jinkin had to break off with Miss Trade." "What was the trouble?" "She taught her nose to eat ice cream, too."—New York World.

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THE DOCUMENT HAS TO GO THROUGH Many Forms Before the End. From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

About the 1st of December will be added to the collection of important international documents in the State department at Washington the treaty of peace concluded between Spain and the United States at the conference now being held in Paris. This treaty will take rank in importance and interest with the treaties of the wars of 1775 and 1812, and the Mexican war.

The action of the peace commissioners at Paris will not be final. The treaty on which they agree will be subject to ratification by both countries. According to the Constitution and laws of the United States, no treaty with this country is operative until it has gone through five stages, of which the negotiation and signing by the peace commissioners is only the first.

When the negotiators have reached a determination the treaty as agreed to will be copied in duplicate and each copy will be signed by all the commissioners. The copies will be made with the pen, for the typewriter has not been introduced in diplomacy. In the Spanish copy the Spanish commissioners will sign first, and in the American copy the Americans.

The American copy will be brought back to this country by the secretary of the American commission and delivered to the secretary of state. In the Spanish copy the Spanish commissioners will sign first, and in the American copy the Americans.

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